



## CHAPTER I.

EVERY time it moved it moaned. On calm summer days when the sea was smooth it seemed to rest in peace, as if meditating in silence on its griefs. When gales swept over the water from the southwest it rocked in restless, uncertain motions and mingled a dismal voice with the roar of the surf, the tolling of the fog-bell, and the cries of the seabirds as it moaned and moaned in perpetual reiteration as if it had a tale to tell, but could only mourn over it in fitful inarticulate sighs meaning much and saying little. On calm days and nights, when there was only a gentle swell moving in from the Atlantic, it spoke slowly at intervals, like a child that sobs over some little grief that is past, but not forgotten.

To the fishermen it was a commonplace affair. An iron buoy anchored in mid-channel just at the entrance of the little port, at once a guide and warning. Within the buoy was a curious arrangement of valves, air and water-chambers, and pipes. On top was a steam whistle. When the buoy swayed on the waves the water enclosed in its hollow chambers flowed to one side, and the valves opened to admit air to fill the vacuum caused by the moving water. When the wave passed and the buoy keeled over in the opposite direction the air-valve closed, and the water within, rushing back to its first position, forced out the imprisoned air through the whistle, and it spoke, in a harsh and mournful note. The sound began as a murmur, swelled out to a discordant force, and then died away in a despairing sigh. At the next roll of the huge iron mass it moaned again in the same manner. If it rolled one way the right-hand valve opened and admitted a supply of air; when it rolled the other way the left-hand valve opened; and thus it kept up its dismal crying at every wave that swept beneath it. The note could be heard for more than a mile, and sailing-masters bound into the little harbor listened for it through the darkness, through fog and storm, as a guide to port and a home.

To the under side of the great iron buoy was secured a chain that extended down through the green water to a massive rock below, a rock whereon the hopes of a lifetime were wrecked and lost long years ago. On yachting parties sailing out the port the moaning buoy had a depressing effect. Its unending moan seemed to be for the young life whose fate was bound up in some strange secret lost in the sea. They listened to its note, floating faint and sad over the blue water, and wondered if they would solve the riddle of that life, if ever knight would come to redress a grievous wrong.

It is said the buoy knew all about it, and would tell everything, if it could speak. Being merely a buoy, it could only moan.

Two miles to the west by north stood the harbor light. It was a short round tower of brick and painted white. At the top was the black lantern, its shining windows decked in yellow curtains by day and opening a lurid eye on sea and land by night. The light-house, too, was said to be familiar with the lost secret under the sea, and every night appeared to look furtively all around the horizon as if revolving something in its mind and yet not daring to speak of it. It could only look apace at the world and wait. There was behind the light-house a small white house with a little garden, grass-plot and picket fence. Everything was orderly, neat, and comfortable, as befitted the residence of an official of the United States government. There was also beside the house a wooden structure, half trestle, half tower, in which hung a bell. Beneath the wooden cage where hung the bell was a long pendulum and a chain and heavy weight, these being parts of the clock-work whereby the bell was rung when gray fog crept up from the misty Atlantic.

The light-house stood at the extreme point of a miniature Cape Cod at the southeast end of the island, and in the bay formed by the curving arm of the cape was an anchorage-ground for the fishing-boats and yachts that used it for a summer harbor. Along the shore of this bay were the few scattered houses of the little village. On the south side towards the sea stood the big yellowish-green hotel and the fantastic cottages of the transient guests who made the cape their summer pleasure-ground.

By some oversight on the part of the officers of the United States Coast survey, the exact position, latitude and longitude of the light-house and the port were not put on any of the official maps. Neither were there any sailing directions printed giving the right course to take to enter the port or find the moaning buoy. It is really not important, because he who steers by "the light" that never was on sea or land can find any port where life and love have found an anchorage.

The buoy was known to the fishermen and visitors at Wilson's Hall as "the two-fathom buoy." It was painted in alternate horizontal stripes of black and red; and everyone knows that the Light-house Board by these

marks meant to say that the buoy marked an obstruction in mid-channel, and that the navigator in entering port might pass on either side of it in safety. It also stood as the mark of a terrible obstruction at the entrance of a fair young life. He who would come to the knowledge of all she was and all she did and said must steer carefully and pass by on either side the moaning memento of a mystery and heavy sorrow. Two fathoms deep in her young heart lay the unspoken secret of her life and the sea.

Could there be any connection between that proxy buoy and a young girl's life and love? Wait. Everything comes ashore at last.

People wondered why old Capt. Breeze Johnson gave his daughter such a strange name. Capt. Johnson, retired Sandy Hook pilot, and now keeper of the light-house, best knew what the three letters that made his daughter's name meant—if they meant anything. She had never been baptized; the name had simply been given to her by the old Captain, and apparently for no reason whatever. There were those in the village who said it was an "outlandish heathen name" anyway, and not fit for a sweet young thing like old Capt. Johnson's daughter.

Merely three letters—Mai. Mai Johnson. The old man, her father, pronounced it as if spelled "May;" so, for those who never saw it written out, it seemed a proper and rather pretty name for a young girl just touching seventeen.

As for Mai herself, she thought its curious spelling merely some pretty conceit of her father's fancy, and wore her name with becoming pride and dignity. It was her name, and it never entered her young heart to ask what it meant. The old man knew in part, and so did the moaning buoy, but one would not tell, and the other spoke only in moans no man could understand.

The season had fairly opened. The white steamboats had already begun to make their daily trips to Wilson's Hall from New London, Conn. The procession of vessels continually drifting along the horizon to the north-east, bound east or west between Long Island sound and the Vineyard, or turning southeast past the cape and making for the open sea, had largely increased. Already a yacht or two had anchored at the Hall, and the yellowish-green hotel and fantastic cottages were open and expectant of summer boarders. There was a broad piazza at the front of the hotel, where the guests sat to view the sea spread out before them; and here, on a bright morning early in July, sat two ladies—mothers of grown-up daughters, and women prepared to look at the world in certain calm expectation of anything that might happen to the advantage of their blooming girls.

"Did you see the arrival last night?"

"No. I understood the barge came over from the steamboat-landing with only a man. I was not interested."

"You would have been, had you seen him."

"Have you learned his name, my dear?"

"I examined the hotel register after breakfast, because he sat next to our table. Rather good-looking—fine eyes—and very gentlemanly, of course. A man that many girls would like, though I must confess I did not."

"What is his name?"

"Tell you as soon as I come to it. It's a little singular, because I hear his mother, who was a widow for many years, has married again—married very well, too, for her, and for the young man, too, for I hear he has nothing and spent it all in Paris."

"And who was she?"

"His mother? Oh, I don't know; but she first married some person by the name of Yardsstickle."

"Yardsstickle?"

"Yes. Curious name—pronounced Yedstickle, with the accent on the first syllable, and spelled with an ie. Royal Yardsstickle is his name."

"Then she added, in a lower voice—"

"Here he comes now."

A young man about 28 years of age walked slowly out of the open door of the hotel. He was dressed in white flannel, and seemed very much at ease with himself and the world. He gazed round with an air of calm assurance on the few ladies and children scattered over the piazza, and then looked out over the garden, the path along the bluff and the blue sea beyond. The view did not seem to interest him in the least, and he looked a trifle bored, as if he wondered why he should be cast upon such a charming and uneventful shore. Seeing the top of the light-house, he sauntered down the steps and took a leisurely pace along the path that followed the shore on top of the sandy dunes that bordered the broad beach.

"I do not like him."

"Why not, dear? I'm sure he's very handsome."

"Disappointed,—or has been. Comes down here for rest-cure. I shall tell my Milly to decline an introduction."

"It may not be asked, dear."

"Well, I must say I don't see why not. Milly is not as handsome as your Clara, my dear, but she's very bright, you must admit."

"Milly can take care of herself."

"Perfectly; but I shall decline any advances,—if made; and I hope they will not be."

"Why not?"

"I do not know. I do not like him that's all."

The young man wandered aimlessly along the path on the bluff, as if in no haste. Well might he linger, for at his feet lay the broad beach, now creamy with breaking surf, and, beyond, the blue sea sparkling in the sun and stirred by a salt and fragrant breeze. To the left the sandy dunes, here and there dotted with patches of bronze-colored grass and dark wax-berry-bushes stretched off towards a fringe of small pines and oaks. Before him stood the quaint tower of the light-house. With all this charming scene and beautiful day, he was gloomy and silent. Why had his mother insisted on his coming down to this dreary place? He had not needed rest; he wanted money. If he had that he would leave this stupid country and once more cross the water to charming Paris. He looked over the sea that he had crossed only three days before with a little sigh of regret,—regret for past pleasures, regret for things done that could never be undone.

"And here I must stay for two weeks or more, till they come down here for the summer,—or till she lets me have some money."

Just then he reached the neat wooden fence that stretched across the end of the cape and enclosed the plot of land belonging to the government and on which the light-house stood. Just where the path met the fence there was a stile or low place in the fence, with a big yellow boulder for a step over the gap. He paused here a moment debating whether he would enter the government grounds or return to the hotel, when the door of the little white house opened, and a young girl stepped out on the flat blue boulder that served as a door stone and came briskly towards the stile. She was neatly and plainly dressed, and wore a large white sun-bonnet that half hid her face. She seemed preoccupied, and did not observe the stranger by the fence till she was close to the stile.

"Allow me to help you over, miss."

She paused abruptly to see who spoke, and found young Mr. Royal Yardsstickle at the stile with one hand offered as if to help her over. The next instant she stepped easily and gracefully over the stile, and said:

"Thank you, I can help myself."

"Beg pardon, miss. I'm a stranger here. Can you tell me the name of this light-house?"

"I can. I live here,—with my father."

He was not accustomed to this particular phase of the Massachusetts female mind, and was vexed, though he took care not to show it.

"What is it called?"

"Hedgefence Light. Good morning, sir."

With that she moved away towards the hotel with a free and vigorous step, as if quite able to take care of herself. Mr. Royal Yardsstickle had a new sensation. Never before had he met with quite this kind of rebuff. Women commonly bowed down to him, or he thought they did. And those who he imagined declined his acquaintance had always left an impression that they had been pleased to meet him—once.

"She has gone to the hotel on some errand. From the lay of the land, she must come back on this path. I may as well look about here for a little while and see what happens. I'll go into the light-house,—I always did enjoy light-houses,—and see what sort of a creature the father may be."

The young man watched the retreating figure as it followed the path on the bluff. Here was a girl of character and with a mind of her own. How different from one he knew in Paris!

"If Julie had been like that, I shouldn't be in this hole—figuratively speaking—and I might never have seen Wilson's Hall, which would be a blessing."

By this time he had crossed the little yard, and mounting the great door-step, he knocked at the green door of the house.

"I wonder what the father is like?"

To his surprise, the wooden door



"ALLOW ME TO HELP YOU."

with green panels promptly opened wide, and a blond curly-haired giant in brown overalls stood before him.

"Ah! Beg pardon. Do you allow visitors to the light? I'm greatly interested in such things."

"Visitors admitted to the tower only from twelve till one. Read the notice on the tower."

With that the door was quietly closed in his face.

[To be Continued.]

A Poor Judge.

Mr. Newwood—Um! seems to me, my angel, this hash has a queer taste. Young Wife—Hash? That's fruit cake.

## CURING CONSUMPTION

THE AMICK DISCOVERY NOW EN-DORSED EVERYWHERE.

Must Consumptives be Isolated—State Legislatures and Boards of Health Say the Disease is Infectious.

The press of the entire country are awakening to the vital importance of the recently discovered cure for consumption. The most influential newspapers, north, south, east and west unite in editorials calling attention to the universal success the treatment is meeting with in crushing out the deadly disease and in praise of the manliness shown by the majority of the medical profession in so promptly accepting it, regardless of the fact that Dr. Amick has not as yet disclosed his formulae. Without an exception the press of the country have nothing but the severest censure for the few narrow-minded conservatives in the medical profession who, while acknowledging themselves utterly unable to benefit, not to say cure, the poor consumptive, refuse to prescribe the life-giving medicines, giving as their only reason that Amick violates their code of ethics in not making public his formulae for fools to tamper with.

The Louisville Commercial says editorially: "The code of ethics among physicians, like the social code among club men, may be advantageous, but the law does not recognize either and cannot properly be used to enforce either as such. Dr. Amick, of Cincinnati, has discovered a remedy for consumption. He is very free to furnish his medicines to other physicians, and according to reports, apparently well authenticated, his remedies have proved very efficacious. A committee of physicians went to Cincinnati a few days ago to investigate the matter and were convinced that Dr. Amick had made a valuable discovery, but one of the physicians charged that Dr. Amick was guilty of unprofessional conduct; in other words, that he had violated the code of ethics. Dr. Amick is a regular physician of good standing in the community and has been in good standing with his confreres of medicine, and even if he has violated the code of ethics the law of Ohio cannot be used against him."

The Minneapolis Journal says, Dr. Amick, who has acquired a great deal of celebrity of late by his successful treatment of phthisis, has recently had his cure investigated by and at the instigation of the newspapers of Cleveland. Of ten almost hopeless cases which were selected only one died, two were pronounced cured, four showed marked improvement, and three were much improved. In all cases there was an increase in weight, and the subjects had been only under treatment for two months. The physicians who watched the course of treatment all expressed themselves as satisfied with the cure and testified as to the great value of the discovery. But a number of doctors who were interviewed accused Dr. Amick of "violating the code." He has made one of the most wonderful and valuable discoveries ever hoped for in medicine, but he refuses to give the formula to every Tom, Dick and Harry to monkey with, and he therefore violates the code. It is a noteworthy fact that the majority of physicians who have so much to say about the "code" never accomplish anything of note, but feel satisfied if only they have kept their senseless fetich from rude violation. Fortunately the public, which gives the physician his support, doesn't care a fig for the "code," and is always ready and willing to give honor and credit to the man who discovers anything that will alleviate the sufferings of humanity, whether he keeps his formula to himself or gives it freely away for quacks to pick up and use in their business.

The Minneapolis Times, after referring editorially to the action of the state board of health of Michigan in placing consumption on the list of infectious diseases, recommends the Amick treatment, because "thirty or more physicians in the city are using the medicines compounded by Dr. Amick in their practice and are of the opinion that the medicines accomplish more than the discoverer claims. It may be that a reliable cure has been found but if not that it seems certain that a help has been introduced which greatly assists the fight against this enemy of human life."

To Isolate Consumptives.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 14.—The action of the County Medical society in asking the board of health to isolate consumptives has increased their fears occasioned by startling headlines in a local paper by the resolution of the medical congress in Washington and by the state legislature of Michigan, all declaring the deadly disease infectious. The deaths from consumption have decreased everywhere during the past year, and Dr. Fleck, with a few others ascribes this to his isolation theory. Medical experts, investigating deeper, however, say it is due to the Amick cure, free test packages of which are distributed broadcast to all consumptives through physicians. One authority says: "The doctors talking isolation could better devote their attention to the authentic cures by the Cincinnati treatment reported daily in the medical and secular press."

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 14.—Recent editorials in the local press on the Amick cure for consumption have excited ultra-conservative doctors. The Times says: "It seems reasonably certain it will greatly assist the fight against the enemy of human life, for thirty or more local physicians say the medicine accomplished more than the discoverer claimed."

The Journal's editorial after saying, "It is one of the most valuable and wonderful discoveries ever hoped for in medical science, congratulates humanity that the formula is not given to every Tom, Dick or Harry to monkey with and is preserved from the tampering of fools empiricists." The doctors say the editorials are direct blows against the medical code of ethics.

Judge Dale has made a new ruling. Heretofore attorneys coming to Oklahoma from other states have been admitted on their certificates to practice before the supreme court, but now all attorneys have to appear in open court and be examined.

## GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

The Lawrence wire mill is now running day and night at full capacity.

The Record says the Pawnee market is liberally supplied with choice fresh fish, which abounds in the Black Bear near by.

The university of South Dakota at Vermillion, was destroyed by fire Friday morning, with a loss to the state of \$100,000.

The vacancy in the Spanish cabinet caused by Gonzales' resignation, was filled Monday by the appointment of Senor Puigecerver.

One of the largest retail dry goods firms in New York has been victimized to the amount of \$100,000 by several of its employees.

Compromise measures in the senate are taking definite form and it is confidently believed that the end of the long struggle is in sight.

The statement of the Guthrie National bank shows over 50 per cent of its deposits in cash on hand. The deposits are about \$127,000.

A dispatch to the London Times from Shanghai says that the great Chinese cotton mill has been entirely destroyed by fire. Loss, \$500,000; uninsured.

A program has been outlined for the house this week which will keep it busy. The McCreary bill extending the provisions of the Geary act will undoubtedly pass.

This week Tarsney will introduce in the house a bill appropriating \$900,000 additional for the Kansas City building, but there is considerable uncertainty as to its fate.

The heaviest real estate deal in the history of Enid was consummated last Friday, when two lots at the southwest corner of Second and D streets were sold for \$3,345.

Emperor William was represented Friday at the funeral of Count Blucher, who was murdered on Thursday last by a gardener on his estate with whom he had some trouble.

Bernhard Baum, proprietor of the resort known as Baum's Pavilion, in Chicago, suicided Saturday afternoon by shooting. His business had not been prospering of late.

Francis W. Egan, son of Patrick Egan, ex-minister to Chili, was married Sunday last to Senorita Amelia Rojas, daughter of Don Jorge Rojas, a member of the Chilean senate.

A panic was caused in the Garnett school house at Washington Friday by one of the pupils having a fit, and in the stampede which followed a number of pupils were injured.

Two policemen were killed and another overcome by gas in an outhouse in Central park, New York, at an early hour Friday morning. A tramp was also overcome and may die.

The steamer Dean Richmond was lost on Lake Erie, off Dunkirk, in the terrible storm of Saturday night, and her crew of eighteen perished. Many other wrecks and fatalities are reported.

Edward S. Hart, secretary of the Bank of California, died at San Francisco Friday, after an illness of two months. He was 58 years of age and had been in the service of the bank several years.

The officials of the American Express Company now admit that a large sum of money was stolen in transit between New York and St. Louis, and say that they are on the track of the guilty parties.

At Allentown, Pa. a destructive fire, Friday night, burned the Telephone Exchange and the Breng & Bachman building. Loss, \$300,000. The falling walls crashed in the R. G. Dunn & Co. and R. F. Sliters' buildings.

A cotton gin belonging to J. H. Medlock, five miles south of Stephens, Ark., together with a small quantity of cotton, was burned to the ground Wednesday night. The fire is supposed to be the work of White Caps.

At Chicago John B. Jeffry was indicted by the grand jury Monday for perjury in repudiating a note for \$15,700 said to have been given by Burr Robbins in 1887, according to witnesses who appeared before the grand jury.

The monetary conference at Paris adjourned for one week in order to give the delegates an opportunity to consult their governments concerning the Italian proposals for paying other states for the return of small Italian coins.

The officials of the Big Four deny that their employees showed heartlessness in connection with the recent wreck at Nanook, Ill., and the officials of the Alton also deny that the employees refused to give aid when called upon.

John Fisher, United States Commissioner, and mayor of Tryon, N. C., has been arrested as a member of the Bar-ratt gang of outlaws. His brother, A. J. Fisher and C. P. Barratt were also jailed. They were held in bonds of \$1,000 each.

The Commercial Bank and Trust Company of Pulaski, Tenn., made an assignment Monday. The deposits are about \$40,000 and it is supposed depositors will get about eighty cents on the dollar. The bank had a capital stock paid up of \$38,000.

The case of W. F. Polley, accused of the murder of L. B. McWirtter, a well known politician whose assassination caused such a sensation some time ago was dismissed Tuesday at Fresno, Cal., on motion of the district attorney, that officer stating that the only important witness against him could not be found.

A freight train wreck occurred on the Chester road Monday morning at the same spot on the Boston & Albany road where the special was wrecked a few weeks ago. Conductor John Mack, brakeman Patrick Courtney fatally, and one other employee were badly injured.

The venerable historian, Henry Howe, died Monday night at Columbus, O., from a stroke of paralysis. He was born in New Haven, Conn., October 12, 1816, and went to Ohio in 1843, riding over the mountains on horseback. His best known work was "Ohio's Historical Collections."

## MARRIAGE IN BURMAH.

The Tie Is Easily Formed and Quite as Easily Dissolved.

A chapter in the Burmah census report, dealing with what is called the "civil condition" of the people, gives much interesting information regarding marriage in that country. From the tables marriage appears to be much less common than in India, but this is said to be due to the fact that there is no child marriage among the Buddhists and Nat-worshippers, who form the bulk of the population. Moreover, in Burmah marriage is generally the result of mutual affection between the parties after they have reached years of discretion. On the other hand, marriage is more common there than in European countries, for the tie is more easily formed and more easily dissolved, while motives of prudence have not the same weight. Destitution is almost unknown, and the wants of life in the temperate climate of Burmah are more easily satisfied than in the colder countries of Northern Europe.

A young Burmese couple can start life with a da and a cooking pot. The universal bamboo supplies materials for building the house, lighting the fire, carrying the water from the well, and may even help to compose the dinner itself. The wife is usually prepared to take a share in supporting the household, and thus she has gradually acquired a position of independence not always enjoyed by married women elsewhere. It has been decided that, under the ancient Buddhist custom prevailing in Burmah a husband cannot alienate property jointly acquired after marriage without the consent of his wife. Few marriages take place where either party is under 15, and the usual age is between 15 and 25.

Polygamy now practically no longer exists, although in ancient times the Burmese were polygamists as well as slaveholders.

"Most Burmese have only one wife, and a few more than two. The first, or head wife, is usually the choice of the husband in his youth, and when she ceases to have children she often assists in the choice of a young wife, who is bound to obey her." The ease with which divorce is obtained is said to be one of the causes why polygamy is so rare. The terms of divorce are based on ancient rules, one of which is that the party wishing the separation can take his or her property and no more; the other party takes all the rest, including the children. The safeguard against caprice in husbands is not merely public opinion, which condemns too frequent divorces, but the self respect of women, which prevents them from marrying a man who has divorced his wives too freely. The privilege of perfect freedom in this respect is said to be rarely abused. "Divorce is very rare, a fact attributable equally, perhaps, to the high position occupied by women in Burmese society, the care with which marriage contracts are entered into and the extreme averseness of temper which characterizes both sexes."

Mysterious Disappearance.

"There is something that I want to bring to your attention," he explained as he stepped into police headquarters.

"Very well."

"It's a case of mysterious disappearance."

"You don't say so!" and the speaker's nostrils twitched eagerly, exactly like those of a story book detective.

"Yes, and something like it has occurred before."

"You amaze me."

"I don't wonder at it. I'm startled myself. It happened yesterday afternoon. There were three policemen in sight. Two men started a row in the middle of the street, and instantly the policemen were gone. Now, what I want to know is where they disappeared to."

And the official scratched his head thoughtfully and said he would drop round to the scene of the occurrence in a week or so and see if he couldn't find a clue.

An Awful Shock.

There is a little mother over in Northeast Minneapolis who has a sixteen-months' infant son who is the apple of her eye, and whom she evidently regards as something of a heavy-weight. She resides a few squares distant from the scene of the explosion of the other morning and her house was one that felt the shock. A friend afterward expressed his sympathy.

"And did you really feel the explosion?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "it shook the house from garret to cellar."

"What did you think was the matter?" he curiously questioned.

"I thought the baby had fallen out of bed," was the unexpected answer. —Minneapolis Tribune.

A Gentle Reproof.

Mr. N. Peck stood beaming on the wife of his bosom with most exasperating complacency. He kept it up so persistently that she stopped her lecture to ask him what he was grinning about.

"I was just thinking, my dear," the patient man replied, "what a valuable acquisition you would be to the Board of Lady Managers."

Small French Farms.

On French farms from thirteen to fifteen acres is the smallest territory on which a man can live without some other work. Those who have less eke out their income with job work. So soon as a laborer saves some money he buys land at about \$800 an acre.